

## The Quarry by Pendule

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**Summary:**

Steve have an argument with his father and leave the house in the middle of the night, he don't know where to go and what to do, until he see that familiar figure above the quarry.

# The Quarry

## Author's Note:

So here is my first work in this fandom, hope you'll like it!

Also, English is not my Native language so I apologize if there is any mistake in it,  
Enjoy and see you at the end!

Steve is angry, so fucking angry. Once again his father has managed to ruin his mood with his shitty words. His parents weren't at home a lot due to their job, but when they were, it wasn't always pleasant. He was a disappointment to his father, he knew that, and even if his mother was saying the opposite, he knew the truth. He was bad at school, terrible even, but he couldn't help himself. And even if his parents' name could open him the door of plenty prestigious college, he knew it wasn't for him. Also, he wasn't into all the fancy things of his paternal, so time had passed and now it was just as if they were total strangers to each others. It was different with his mother, she was kind to him, but her absence had made Steve feel a certain detachment towards her too. Yeah, Steve Harrington had been mostly alone in this big house since his 14 years old.

That was around that time that he had met Tommy and had started to be King Steve. The idiot bully with an enormous grin. There had been a lot of things that had went through since that time, and now, everything had changed. He had the kids, and Nancy & Jonathan. Though no matter howw his life had changed, his relationship with his parents hadn't. They were still strangers cohabiting when they came back "home".

He's standing on the doorstep, fists tights and blood pounding into his temples. Another argument with his father, he can't stand it. He decides that he has enough so he put his jacket on, grab his keys on the small table in the entry, and opens the door. He opens it only to

slam it a second after. The night already fell on Hawkins on this cold day of november. He walks through the alley, reaching his car. He still have his keys held tightly in his closed fist so he don't lose any time when he opens the door and switches the car on. His car thrum while pulling out of the driveway. He drives onto the street and sighs. He had reacted without thinking and now he was there, all alone with his thoughts. This was far from being a good idea.

He remembers what could happen in those woods bordering the road. How dangerous the demogorgons are and could be. He considers going at Nancy's house but it's too late and he doesn't want to scare her. He thinks of Hooper but prefers to leave him alone with Jane. There's also the Byers' house, wide open for him as had said Joyce, but once again, it's late and he would freak the hell out of them too. He doesn't have a lot of others options so he keeps driving in the empty streets. It's Friday, which means no school the next day, so at least he doesn't have to care about sleeping early tonight.

He passes near the quarry, near the parking lot, when he sees it. Almost in front of him, on the small hill, he can see a strangely familiar figure standing straight. He slow down to finally park his car on the empty parking lot. Well, almost empty, because on the other side there's an infamous blue Camaro. There's only one person with a car like that in Hawkins.

He gets out of the car slowly, without slamming the door this time. A mix of curiosity and fear takes over him him. What is Billy doing here in the middle of the night? He is aware that the others don't know a thing about the upside down but he still thinks about how dangerous their night walks are. He doesn't really pay attention but while he was lost in his thoughts,he got closer to the man.

'What do you want, Harrington?' The man says. He frowns, Billy

didn't even turn himself over, how did he knew it was him? Anyway, he doesn't have a proper answer to this for he had no place to go, no place to be, and was surprised to see Billy's car. He doesn't answer and keeps walking towards Billy. The latter turns a little in his direction, shouting again 'Don't fucking come here'. At this exact moment, as if by magic, a car passes on the road, enlightening them. They both freeze, suddenly worried about getting caught even knowing they aren't doing anything wrong. But the car doesn't stop, simply driving away. During this time frame, Steve is able to see the side of Billy's face turned in his direction. His cheekbone is swollen, his upper lip is split open and still bleeding. Billy shuddered while catching Steve's look, stepping back. The moment don't last but it's enough for him to see fear and apprehension crossing Billy's glare.

The step back, Steve think, is not normal. Usually, Billy is proud of a fight and is boasting around. But it seems like he is hiding his marks. Steve frowns and steps again. Billy catches the movement and walks toward Steve, giving him a warning look. Steve steps back, remembering the pain he had felt when Billy's fist had crushed his pretty face. Steve is disturbed, seeing fear on Billy's face wasn't something he thought he would witness one day.

'Go the fuck aw-...' starts Billy, aggressively. Steve doesn't steps back this time and before the other one end his sentence he steps and cups Billy's jaw in his right hand. It's soft under his fingers. He turns slowly Billy's face so that he can face him and, strangely, the latter let him do. He lets his finger brush the side of a bruise and then dare to ask 'who?'.

He feels Billy's whole body tense under his fingers and realises how close of him he is. He choses not to move, ready to feel a punch on his cheek for the second time since he met the man. But nothing comes. Instead, he feels Billy shirk under him. He opens his eyes again, not even aware that he had closed them. He watches Billy who turns around to sit on the edge of the quarry. He hesitates but finally

walks there too.

He sits to the boy's left, not too far, not too close. They stay here in silence for what seems like an eternity, looking at the stars. Billy is the one to finally break the silence. 'You didn't answer my question, Harrington' The latter jump of surprise. 'What? Which question?' Steve says, confused. 'What ur' doing here in the middle of the night?' retort Billy. Steve frowns, pretty sure it wasn't really the same question. 'An argument with my father' he answer without even thinking. 'And you?' he adds, curious. 'Same'. Billy makes a small smile, a sad one, without looking away from the sky.

Steve freeze. Billy's father, Neil, was the reason of all the bruises? This could explain a lot of things, like the marks on his torso after sport, or the days when he misses class without excuses. So this man hits Billy? What about Max? Is she safe in the house of this man? He suddenly starts to worry about the teen and even if he doesn't want to admit it, for Billy too. He feels so stupid, not knowing what to say. So instead of words, he decides to slowly put his hand back on the other boy's jaw, cupping it with his left hand. He can see Billy flinch as he touches him but he doesn't says a word, doesn't even try to protest. He seems exhausted.

Steve examines the marks meticulously, the moonbeams for only help. But it's enough for him to see the different complexions of red and purple on Billy's cheek. It doesn't seem regular, the punch on the face, so he wonders what does Billy did to make his father that angry. So he asks, 'He doesn't... touch the face, usually, right?' He can feel that Billy is not used to talk about that, it's sensitive and, of course, Steve feels stupid. 'You don't have to answer..', he murmurs.

He can't stop himself from putting an unruly lock behind Billy's ear, and even if the latter still avoids his gaze, he seems to soften under

the touch. Sat here, he realises that Billy really is beautiful, even after being beaten up that badly. He also notes that blood really does look black in the moonlight<sup>1</sup>, and he thinks of all the monsters he had met, and of the upside down and- He shivers, unable to keep thinking without shaking. Then he is back to reality when he sees Billy's mouth open and words floating in the air. Billy finally answers to his question.

'I talked about my mother' Steve knew that Max and Billy weren't really siblings, but he had never really thought of their other parents. He had just thought that his mother was gone, for someone or somewhere else. But the way Billy's voice crack only means one thing, She's dead. 'Susan was doing a pie in the kitchen, it was smelling great so when I entered I said that my mom's pie smelled the same way. I-It was a compliment, she smiled, but the bastard, he didn't.' he speak up.

Steve is dumbstruck. Firstly because Billy Hargrove is confessing him something hurtful and personal. Secondly because it means that this man who seems like a good father is actually beating his own fucking son. It seems so unfair. Suddenly his small argument with his father appears so stupid and unimportant. He notices how Billy's fist tightens on his side as he explains what happened, so Steve decides to put his other hand on his fist. It's an innocent gesture, it seems easier to do it than to say something after the other boy's confession. He finally catches Billy's eyes and can see some kind of gratefulness in it. Probably because Steve doesn't serves him the usual "I'm sorry" speech. And Steve is touched because Billy trust him to keep one of his worst secret. In fact, he doesn't even have to asks Steve to.

Steve offers him his most reassuring look and, with a last caress with the thumb, removes his hand from the boy's jaw. But the right one stays on Billy's hand, now relaxed. He tightens it a little and then puts himself back at the quarry, still keeping it at its place. He is close to Billy now, their shoulders touching but it doesn't seem to

bother any of them. Steve can hear Billy breathing in the night and he keeps staring at the stars. He would love to watch the latter's face but he also doesn't want to spoil the mood.

Eventually, Billy settles on Steve's shoulder, finally asleep and totally relaxed. And Steve let himself smile in the silence of the night. He is not scared. He is focused on his own breathing, trying to stay as quiet as he can. His father now completely out of his mind. He doesn't want to fall asleep. He wants to enjoy this moment that might never happen again. But after a while, he falls in the arms of Morpheus. His head on Billy's, and a small smile on his face.

#### **Author's Note:**

So, what do you think?

Please leave kudos and comments, it would be lovely!

Thanks for your time.

<sup>1</sup> : I had to put that reference, hope you'll get it.